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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

MARCH 1923

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

TRACKED: A GIRL GUIDE STORY



I.

WE'VE three patrols at our school—the Beeches, the Birches, and the Brooms. The Beeches wear a copper-coloured shoulder ribbon, and the Birches wear green, while the Brooms have a jolly light yellow one like broom flowers. I'm one of the Broom patrol, and I've passed my First Class test. I've worked up for most of my badges with Tina, who's my chief chum and the patrol leader of the Brooms as well. We were both working for the Naturalist badge when "it" happened.

But I'd better tell you, before starting off on the rest of the story, that we'd got a mystery—a thorough-going school mystery—on just then. In our school museum there's a collection of gold coins. They're always kept locked up in one of the cabinet drawers, except when they're being rubbed up or anything, as they always are by the head girl. Well, Hilda, the head girl of *that* term, had been rubbing them up the very day before—and she just left them in one of the small empty classrooms while she went to

fetch a piece of chamois leather. When she came back they were gone—utterly and altogether gone.

Miss Blake, our headmistress, did not seem to think it was so much of a mystery as we did. There were proofs, she said, that laid the blame on Donald, our deaf-and-dumb boot-boy: one of the coins had been found in his pocket, you see. So he'd been given his notice to go.

"I went to see Donald's mother last night, girls," she said to us, "and talked over the matter. It is

quite true that one of the coins was found in his possession, and his mother has questioned him; but so far as she can understand, from his way of expressing himself on his fingers and by signs, he seems to declare that it was *given* to him. She can get nothing else from him, and she has seen no signs of other coins, but she agrees with me that it seems likely that he took the money. It is possible that Donald did not understand exactly how to discern between right and wrong. He will leave here, although I shall hope to find for him a situation elsewhere with some one who will treat him kindly."

Well, of course, we know that Miss Blake is prac-

tically *always* right; but this time we couldn't believe it. I've been at the Abbey School for three years, and Tina has too, and Donald's been so kind and willing *always*. He's been trusted with messages and money scores of times. We felt awfully



sorry for him, and we were saying so as we came out of school on Guide afternoon—we two—on our way off to study on the Common for our Naturalist badges.

"I say," said Tina, stopping by the gate.

"What?" I asked; but I was alert too—Guides have to be.

"See, here's a bit of tracking to begin on," said Tina. "It's the mark of a new kind of bicycle tyre. I know all the girls' tyre marks, but here's quite a different one. Some one's ridden up to the school on a cycle and left it outside, see, for the marks don't go up the drive. It might have been yesterday or the day before, of course, for there's been no rain for three days; and see, there's a patch on the front-tyre mark—it should be rather easy to track."

"Yes," I said. "Look here, let's start off with this bit of tracking; it'll be rather fun."

"All right," she said. "Well, let's start. Whoever was riding may have gone towards the country, and if so, we'll get two pieces of work done at the same time, for we'll be able to start off naturalizing as soon as we've followed the trail for a time."

We started off, and it was a ripping afternoon. We kept losing the tyre mark and then finding it again. Its owner hadn't kept to the highroad, but had ridden off towards the country through the lanes. If it hadn't been for that patch on the front-wheel tyre, I really think, Guides though we were, that we should have given up the job; but it kept reappearing again just when we'd given up hope of ever seeing it.

"And it's jolly good practice," said Tina at last; "the better the more difficult it is!"

"Whew!" I replied, for I was breathless. "Let's have a rest. Here, d'you see the bicycle track has side-turned here as if he—it's a man's bike—had been going to steer for the hedge? Hurrah! Why, he, I feel sure, seated himself down to rest on that stone heap—that'll be it. Let's do the same."

So we sat down, and, of course, as soon as we'd a minute to spare, we began to speak of Donald and his mystery again. "I *don't* believe he did it," said Tina; and then suddenly, in the middle of her sentence, she gave a little shout and bent down and picked something up. "Why, here's a *sovereign*, Di," she said, "lying here on the stones!"

"Sovereign? it's *not*!" I said. I'd seized it out of her hand and simply stared; for it was one of our own school gold coins, as sure as eggs is eggs!

Well, we both glared at each other after *that*, as you may imagine; then Tina spoke very slowly: "The person who rode this bike took the coins," she said. "Now, the question is, what are we to do?

Shall we go straight back and tell Miss Blake, or shall we go on and try to track him?"

"Let's consider," said I. "Miss Blake's out this afternoon, as I happen to know, so she couldn't do anything till she's back. Also, suppose rain should come on: then the tyre marks would be lost; they're difficult enough to follow even now. So let's track them as far as we can; at least, that's *my* idea."

"Right-o! We may get more clues that way," said Tina; and we started off.

We didn't have to track that cycle very much farther, because we lost the marks almost at once. The lane opened off suddenly on to a very wild part of the common, and the bicycle seemed to come to a full stop at that point. The rider must have dismounted and wheeled it across the grass for a time. "For it isn't only a case of resting," said Tina, "because *then* the marks would have begun again as soon as he'd restarted." No; we'd lost the trail, and we couldn't find it again. All the clues we had were the gold coin picked up on the stone heap, and the fact that we'd proved that a bicycle had run from the school gate to that point. "The thief's got away," I said, "and I was just thinking that the Guides had got it all their own way!"

"Mysteries aren't generally so easy as *that*," said Tina, "and for my part I mean to combine stalking and naturalizing for the rest of our afternoon. I mean," she went on, "that as we're *here* we may just as well look out for facts for our Naturalist badges; this is a jolly good place, it's so wild. And at the same time we'll have 'Guides' eyes' all over the place for any clue to the mystery or bit of 'sign' that comes our way. Our first clues can't be made use of till Miss Blake comes home."

II.

Just as I was settled, crouched behind a bush to snap an owl we had seen, the sound of a bicycle came along the road; then it stopped, some one jumped off, and a man came very hurriedly towards where I lay hidden.

Now, neither of us could be seen, and I didn't even know then whether Tina could see the stranger from where she was, almost a hundred yards away on the other side of the tree; but I guessed that she could, and that she would stalk him just as we were stalking the owl. I almost held my breath as he walked right up to the hollow tree; then after another look all round, he thrust his hand into the hollow part and drew out a whole handful of coins!

I'm sure I lay as still as death till he'd finished what he was doing. He wasn't long, *I* can tell you, for in three minutes he was off on his bike again.

But at that minute Tina's perfectly white face popped up over a bush. "Di!" she whispered, "did you see?"

It didn't take long to look at his *new* tyre marks (we didn't forget to do that), and—yes, they were the very same marks with the patch on the front-wheel tyre.

"I'm beginning to put two and two together," said Tina, as we panted back to school. "The thief must have been in the school somehow, and must have seen the coins and stolen them. Then, if Donald came along, I can quite imagine that the thief may have given him one of them as a kind of bribe. No doubt Donald thought it was a present, and he *said* it had been given him. Then, I suppose, the thief hurried off——"

"And rested on the way to look at his spoils," I went on, "and found out what he'd got. That's very likely."

"And *then*," went on Tina, knitting her brows, "I should *think* he might have thought he'd chuck them away, as they weren't any use as money; but he was afraid to throw them down, or anything, in case he might be tracked by them. He'd look about for a hiding-place, and that hollow tree was awfully noticeable, just there——"

"But to come back *to-day*!" I said. "That seems queer."

"Well, I can only think that he's decided that he'll be able to make use of them after all," said Tina. "Perhaps he thinks that he'll be able to sell them for their weight value, or melt them down, or something."

"Well, let's tell Miss Blake if she's got back," I said, for we'd just arrived at the school gate.

Miss Blake was back, and we went straight in, and *truly*, when we came to tell it, our story sounded a bit "tall." "You've tracked a bicycle tyre, and the coins were in a hollow tree, and a man took them," she said. "My dear girls, I've great belief in the Guides, but I think you must be dreaming!"

"Tina's *got* the coin we found on the stones," I said.

Miss Blake looked at it. "Yes, this is one of them; but the rest of the story sounds——" She smiled at us. "Now, are you *sure* you're making no mistake?" she said. "I know you're all very anxious that Donald should be proved innocent."

"Miss Blake, we *saw* him. He went away. The tyre marks are there!" I said, feeling almost inclined to weep. But, to my surprise, Tina didn't look one bit upset.

"I think I can prove it to you, Miss Blake," she said, "if I may go away for half an hour."

"Half an hour?" said Miss Blake; and I stared, for I didn't know what clue Tina *could* bring.

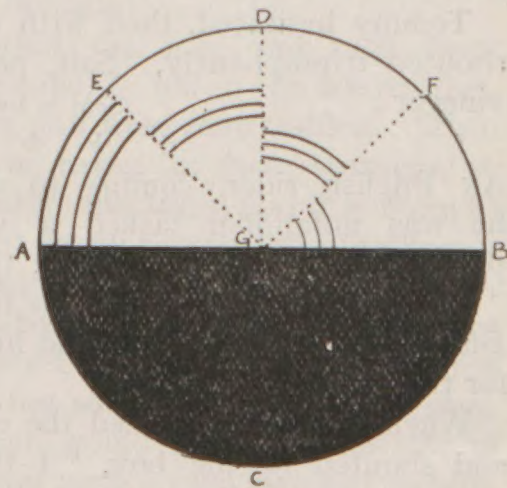
"Well," she said slowly, "Miss Blake, the fact is this: I took a snapshot of the man; my Brownie was all ready for the owl, but *he* came along instead! I think I took him just as he was lifting out the coins. Of course, it may all be blurred, for my hand felt awfully shaky, but——"

But it *wasn't*! In half an hour she came back from the dark-room with a simply *triumphant* face! The snap was a success, and the thief could be seen distinctly doing just what we saw him do. Cook, on being shown the photograph, identified the thief as a "gentleman who had called saying he was after orders for tea," on the afternoon of the mysterious day; and Donald was reinstated as boot-boy that evening, with a rise of wages and a clear character.

That's the end, except that the thief was never traced. But we'd cleared Donald of blame, which was what we'd rather have done than anything; and Miss Blake said to the school next morning at call-over that she was proud of the Guides. "And of the Broom Patrol in particular," she added.

How to make a Spinning Top.

IT is possible for boys and girls to make a very wonderful top by taking a little trouble. Take a postcard and cut a circle, upon which you draw a diameter as AB. Black the part A C B with Indian ink, and divide the other half into four equal portions by lightly pencilling the radii G E, G D, and G F. Now, still using your Indian ink, make arcs in these four divisions in the same way as is shown in the figure.



THE COLOUR TOP.

Having done this carefully and rubbed out the pencil radii when the ink has dried, put a pin through the centre G from the back, so that the card can easily revolve whilst the pin-head prevents it from falling off. Your colour top is now ready. Make it turn rapidly upon the pin; look closely at the card and what do you see? The inner circles become red and the outer ones blue! And yet you know perfectly well that the only colours really upon the card are black and white!



SMILES

"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"



A COMMERCIAL traveller representing a soap firm was wrecked at sea, and managed to save himself from drowning by taking a cake of his own soap and washing himself ashore.

(Sent in by HENRY JONES.)

✦ ✦ ✦

Schoolmaster. "Do you know how many kinds of flowers there are?"

Boy. "Yes, sir, three."

Schoolmaster. "Then perhaps you can tell me what they are?"

Boy. "Wild, tame, and collie."

(Sent in by CLIVE DUNN.)

✦ ✦ ✦

Johnny. "Mother, may I play at making believe I'm entertaining another little boy?"

Mother. "Yes, dear, of course."

Johnny. "Well, give me a piece of cake for him, please."

(Sent in by JOSEPH TAYLOR.)

✦ ✦ ✦

AN ignorant visitor to an observatory was watching a large telescope being manœuvred into position. A moment later his attention was drawn to a falling meteorite. "I say," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "that was a jolly good shot!"

(Sent in by OLIVE OVERTON.)

✦ ✦ ✦

"Now, Tommy," exclaimed the teacher, "can you give me the names of four seasons?"

Tommy hesitated, then with a twinkle in his eye shouted triumphantly, "Salt, pepper, mustard, and vinegar!"

(Sent in by ROBERT C. BRAYNE.)

✦ ✦ ✦

AN English rider, coming to a river with which he was unfamiliar, asked a youngster who was playing on the bank whether the water was deep. "No," replied the boy, and the rider started to cross. But he soon found that he and his horse had to swim for their lives.

When he finally reached the other side he turned and shouted to the boy, "I thought you said it wasn't deep."

"It aren't," was the reply. "It only takes grandfather's ducks up to their middles."

✦ ✦ ✦

"WHICH is the older?" an Irishman was asked. "You or your brother?"

"Well," replied Pat, "I am; but if my brother lives another three years we shall be the same age!"

(Sent in by MARJORIE STEVENSON.)

"Markets."

THERE'S a column in the papers—Daddy always reads it through; And I think, from what I've noticed, that's what other Daddies do.

It's the column headed "*Markets*," and I've thought it sure to be

Far too serious grown-up reading for a little boy like me.

But as side by side at breakfast I and Daddy chanced to sit,

Daddy laid it down beside me, and I had a look at it. And it's nothing wise or solemn! I can tell you, sure enough,

You will find that "*Markets*" column full of *fairy-story stuff*!

Like: "*Rice—dull; Molasses—firmer; Peppers—quiet; Sago—slow;*

Linseed—easy; Rubber—active; Tapioca—steady." No!

I should *never* guess that Daddy, looking grave under his hat,

In the train, with other Daddies, read such baby stuff as *that*!

Rice is "*dull*." The boiled kind's dullest—though I never make a fuss

When there's rice *and* tarts at luncheon, and I know which is for us.

Sago's "*slow*." Of course. *I* know it! Found that out when *very* young.

To be quick with sago pudding means you're sure to burn your tongue.

Tapioca *isn't* "*steady*." It's half wobble and half flap: That's why Baby, very often, has his pudding in his lap. No; and Linseed *isn't* "*easy*." You can put it to the test

If you ever have bronchitis and a poultice on your chest.

It is true that Rubber's "*active*." There's my last new bouncing ball

Broken Mother's Worcester rose-bowl and a palm-tree in the hall.

I am glad to know Molasses have got "*firmer*." Often they

Have gone *treacling* down my fingers in a dreadful messy way.

Lucky thing that Pepper's "*quiet*." It has just occurred to me

If the Pepper's raised a riot—*what* a sneezing there would be!

But to read such stuff each morning *I* should find it rather flat!

Fancy great big grown-up Daddies frowning over things like *that*! QUEENIE SCOTT HOPPER.

Bible Story.

John, the Companion of Jesus.

BY ROBERT BIRD.

3. WHEN JOHN WAS A YOUTH.

WHEN John was twelve his father and mother took him in the month of April for his first visit to Jerusalem to see the great Passover festival in the Golden Temple, the place to which he had been taught to turn his face when he prayed.

The journey took over a week, and they had to carry with them tent covers tied on asses, with stakes, pots, oil and wine in skins, and changes of clothing. The road they took was up into the hills, and across the great wheat plain of Esdraelon, to the hills of Samaria, and down to the fords of Jordan. There they bathed and changed their clothing before going up to the Holy City on the hills of Judah.

John was told as they came over Olivet to watch for the first view of the Golden Temple, with the sun shining on its roof, and he never forgot the sight. This was the Holy Place wherein, as the old rabbi had taught him, he believed God dwelt. He sang with the pilgrims their song of joy,—

"Beautiful is Mount Zion,
The joy of the whole earth!"

He went down the rugged path towards the city gate, but did not cross the bridge. The Galileans did not like the houses of Jerusalem, and would not live within its walls, preferring to put up their low black tents on the grassy slopes of the brook Kidron, at the end of the bridge near the city gate.

The Passover festival lasted for seven days, and John was astonished at the crowds that filled the narrow streets, with houses towering on each side, and windows with here and there a woman's face looking down. There was a crowd constantly moving up the steep street to the Temple, and creeping like bees over the white marble steps. He went up these steps every day with his father, when the morning sun sparkled on the gold roof, and the grey smoke of the sacrifice rose into the air.

He stood among the pillars of the porches, and saw the white-robed priests killing lambs, and burning them on the great stone altar. He heard the music of the silver trumpets as the Levites walked in procession, and their singing as they stood in a crowd on the white steps of the women's court.

He listened to the teachers, some with snow-white hair, and almost blind with age, sitting on their

coloured mats, and speaking to the people about God and the Bible, and the traditions of the rabbis. But their talk was far above his head. They were arguing about things that did not interest him. Looking up to the sky, he saw the motionless figures of Roman sentinels on the roof of the cloisters, set there to watch the crowds below—a sign that the hand of Rome was over them, even in the Temple.

At the end of the festival week the bands from Galilee saddled their donkeys and mules, and disappeared in a crowd over the flowery mount, and down the hot gorge to Jericho, the ancient city of palm trees. They were going back to the fords of Jordan to bathe, believing that the water of the rushing river would make them holier as well as cleaner.

A Jewish boy usually followed his father's trade, and in some countries the Romans would not allow them to do anything else. John and his brother James learnt to be fishermen, washing and mending the large fishing nets, tarring and painting the boats, mending sails, twisting ropes, and making wicker baskets for carrying the fish.

The fishermen sorted the fish, and took them to Jerusalem and Caesarea, to sell in the fish market, or at rich men's doors, as a treat from Galilee. When a boy, John would be taken on these journeys, to drive the donkeys and go messages, and it is thought it was in this way that he got to know the doorkeeper of the high priest's palace on Zion Hill.

John had to learn to be a good swimmer, for the fishermen of Gennesaret swam every day at their work. When his father saw a shoal of fish coming, one of the young men would slip over the side of the boat into the water with a rope fastened to him, and swim in a wide ring, dragging the net round so as to enclose the fish. When he got back, the net was slowly taken in and the fish secured; then he helped to row the boat ashore, where the fish were thrown out on the stones. The nets were then washed and mended before putting them back into the boat, just as our fisher lads do. In cold and rain, and usually at night, the brothers toiled for their living, with the stars twinkling over them, and so



ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL-MASTER.

they became thoughtful men, who did not love the whirl and noise of cities. Sometimes they were driven across the lake by a sudden wind from the hills, that lashed the waves into white breakers, and then they were in danger of being dashed on the rocks and drowned. The boats were open and shallow, and there was always the risk of a big wave sinking them. Thus John and his brother grew accustomed to hardship and danger, with strong bodies and courageous minds, strengthened by an open-air life of toil.



FISHING-BOAT.

We read of others who were lake fishermen at the same time: Peter, a married man of middle age, with a house of his own and a boat; Andrew, his younger brother—both of Capernaum, by the lake-side; Philip, in John's village of Bethsaida, and his student friend Nathanael. From Capernaum came the brothers James and Jude. These young men knew each other, and probably knew Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth up in the hills.

Out on the water in their heaving boats, waiting for a shoal of fish, or in their small houses lit by an oily wick floating in an earthenware cruse, they talked eagerly with flashing eyes about the sorrows of their country and the long-hoped-for Saviour. They could tell tales of horror, of friends killed or taken as slaves, houses robbed, villages burnt. They were helpless against Roman swords and spears, helped by the soldiers of the Jewish prince Antipas; but they could think and pray, and talk in whispers, for they had been told that the Messiah or Saviour of their country, spoken of in the Bible, would soon appear and drive out all His enemies.

Up in the village in the hills Jesus was learning His father's trade as a carpenter; on the lake in his father's boat, John was learning to be a fisherman; and both were moved by the popular feeling that the Messiah would soon come to save the nation.

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



Polite Peterkin.

THEY used to say in Hamelin town that Peterkin's hat was more often in his hand than on his head.

Of course, it is all right to be polite, but you must not forget to play as well; and Peterkin was so busy lifting his hat that he had time for very little else.

It was Gretchen who cured him. Gretchen was his cousin, and lived in the same house, and she **HID HIS HAT!**

Peterkin was very unhappy about this—for a time. Then he found an old hat which his father had thrown aside.

It had a fine broad brim, and was just the thing for lifting. So Peterkin had a royal time, going round the streets and taking off his hat to all the girls.

He did it to Gretchen as she stood on the doorstep of the mayor's house, and it was all she could do to keep from laughing outright.

After that she cut off the brim of Peterkin's hat! But he lifted what was left of it by the top portion, until Gretchen used that to hold the sand with which she scoured the doorstep.

Then Peterkin did not know what to do; and Gretchen told him that the rats loved hats, and were following all the boys who wore them, so that they could make their nests in them.

Now the rats were the plague of Hamelin, and this made Peterkin very much afraid. After that he went without a hat altogether, and he had a good deal of spare time to play with the boys and girls.

Then the Pied Piper came to Hamelin and took away the rats, and Peterkin and Gretchen as well. But that is another story.



THE SUNSHINE CHILDREN

CHAPTER IV.

CON IS SYMPATHETIC.

"AREN'T you coming out, Ann?" asked Con sweetly, as he poked his curly head round the door of the sitting-room where Ann was actually seated at sewing. "Where's Noel?"

"He's gone to find Dick Tenharden," said Ann. "Dick told him if he went down to the shore when his father's boat came in he would try and save him the funny kind of fish they sometimes catch. Dick says it has a sort of tube of ink under its fin, and it squirts ink at you when you catch it."

"I was talking to Rose," said Con, balancing himself on a hassock and watching Ann, who had seated herself on the floor, with her "mending" around her. "Rose is nice. I like her."

"You mean you like her cakes and pies," she retorted.

Con nodded. "Of course I do. Rose likes to be praised. I asked her to make a 'saffern' cake to send out to Mother. It's not as nice as 'heavy' cake, but it's good."

"Pig!" said Ann. She had broken her needle.

"That's some darn!" said Con, with a grin.

Ann squared her shoulders. "I promised Mother I'd try," she said, in rather wobbly tones, "and—I'm trying."

"It's fine," said Con encouragingly. "And I'm glad you stayed in, for I wanted to tell you about Rose. Her father is a tyrant."

Con said this so energetically that Ann stopped short in her tussle with that "Jacob's ladder" to look at him.

"Who is her father?" she asked.

"He's the sexton," said Con, "and his wife is dead. That means Rose has no mother."

"I s'pose it does," laughed Ann.

"It must be awful to have no mother," went on Con, still more gravely, "but worse when your father's a tyrant."

"Is he cruel to Rose?" asked Ann.

"Um. He might be. It's about her young man. Rose's father won't even see him. It's only prejudice, just because he's a footman and

Sexton Rogewell wanted her to marry a pastry-cook or a shopkeeper of some sort."

Ann scrambled to her feet. "That's done!" she said, brandishing her much darned stocking. "Hurrah! Now I can go down to look for shells. Ain't you coming, Con? We are sure to meet Noel."

"No," replied Con, "I don't think I will. Aren't you properly sorry for Rose, Ann?"

"Of course I am," said Ann, gathering the rest of the "mending" into the skirt of her frock; "but I can't help her not being able to make her father like her young man, can I?" And off she ran.

Con climbed out of the window and dropped down upon the gravel path. He did not think Ann showed quite enough sympathy with the trials of poor Rose. It stood to reason that no one can be interested in their work when their heart is heavy. Con was resolved that Rose's heart should be lightened.

He walked through the orchard, turning away from the village and coast, quickening his pace as he passed the quaint old church and came to the pretty little cottage where Sexton Rogewell lived alone. Since his wife's death the old man had flatly refused to have any one to live with him or allow his daughter to give up service. His sister Nellie, who lived close by, used to come in to "do for him." Owing to a slight lameness the sexton was not as active as he used to be, and this did not improve his temper!

Con, however, was not easily daunted. He smiled his sweetest smile as, responding to a harsh call to "come in whoever he was," he entered the neat kitchen. Such a nice, red-tiled kitchen, with a sleek black and white cat on the hearth, and old Rogewell seated in his big chair reading the paper.

"Good-day, Mr. Rogewell," said Con cheerfully. "What a fine cat that is! Will you tell me her name? Sure it ought to be Selina. We have a cat out in the Golden Vale just like her."

"That cat's a tom," said the sexton. "Name o' Scrabble. You'd best leave un alone."

Con was really interested. "Scrabble is a queer name," he laughed. "Guess I've never heard it before."

The owner of Scrabble glared over his spec-

tacles. "I suppose there is some things you've not heard of, little master," he hinted sarcastically.

Con smiled. "Oh yes," he agreed, "lots of things. I'd never heard of squab pie before I came to Cornwall. I like mackerel pie best. Rose is making a mackerel pie this morning. She *does* make good pastry and clouted cream."

"Rose be well enough," allowed the sexton, "but contrary."

"I think Rose is a darling," added Con.

"She'd be all right," again allowed the sexton, "if it weren't for takin' up with this hoggerty-headed chap she calls George. A mincin', maulin' young jackanaper who earns his money as footman at the Court. What sort of a husband is he goin' to be?" And the old man, forgetting who he was speaking to, thumped his fist on the table.

"Footmen become butlers in time," said Con, "and Rose says George is the nicest man she ever knew. Perhaps if you saw him *you* would think so too. May he come to see you?"

"See me!" roared the sexton. "That chap come to see me? No, he won't. Who's bin putting you up to that talk? Who's been settin' you to come over me? Ain't I master in me own house? I won't be dictated to by any rascalion of a boy! Out you go, me lad, out you go." As he spoke, Mr. Rogewell had been working himself up into a royal rage, and now, rising from his seat, he made a dash at Con.

"I'll go," said Con, "but I guess I'll tell you first it's not fair. How can you know George is a jackanaper till you see him? I——"

But this was too much. Grasping the intruder by the coat collar the sexton flung open the door and fairly hurled him out. Con went staggering down the path, not sure if he were on his head or his heels.

Having slammed to the door behind his visitor's back, Rogewell went back to his chair, breathing heavily. But he was ashamed of himself. He ought not to have treated the pretty little master like that.

"I hope," said a sweet voice from the window, "you won't be angry at my coming back, but I hadn't finished what I wanted to say."

Rogewell stared. From across the window sill Con, more angelic than ever, dropped into the room.

"Of all *mortail* boys," said the sexton.

Con showed no fear of a second forcible dismissal. "You look so *straight*," he urged. "I guess if you thought a thing real mean you wouldn't do it. Will you shake? And I'll tell Rose to bring George to see you this evening."

Mr. Rogewell looked at the grimy little fist,

then into the serene blue eyes; finally he burst into a roar of laughter. "If you mightn't be Miss Aureely's self come baack," he stuttered. "The sauce of you! The pluck of you! If George be half the man you are, little master, he shall have my girl. Well, well, well."

Con shook hands vigorously. "I knew it *only* wanted explaining," he said triumphantly. "You see, Rose couldn't marry even the King of England if she loved George first. And I'm sure you'll like him."

The sexton dried his eyes. "If you weren't just Miss Aureely's self with her frisky ways," he declared. "But you've won your will, lad. You go home and tell Rose to bring her jo, and if I doan't like he, I'll show him the door same as I showed you!"

It was Con's turn to laugh. "Guess he'd come back through the window just the same," he retorted, "if Rose was inside. I think I'd better go and tell her now, because she'll be more cheerful over the pudding. And may I come again? I reckon we'll be friends."

The two shook hands again, and Con went off in glee to find Rose, who was moving about the kitchen in quite a weary way. She shook her head at sight of Con.

"I haven't time for the saffern cake to-day, my dear," said she.

Con grinned. "I've been to see your father, Rose," he answered cheerily. "I *do* like him. He isn't really a tyrant. He's some sport. You're to take George round this evening, and if—um—he's as nice as me, your father will give you leave to be married, only you mustn't leave off being a cook."

It really was rather cruel of Rose to hug and kiss her indignant benefactor quite so vigorously; but Con had wonderful self-control, and he emerged breathless but smiling from the embrace.

"I think," he said, allowing his gaze to travel along the dresser, "I *really* think I deserve one of those apple puffs."

And Rose, in her deep interest, was pouring the *whole* of a basin of clotted cream into her mackerel pie!

CHAPTER V.

BEST BEHAVIOUR.

"LOUISA wants us to get blackberries for jam," said Ann, rather importantly.

Noel and Con looked up from their job of brushing Cluny.

"Con had better ask Rose to pack a luncheon-basket," said Noel, "and we will go for the whole day. Eh, Con?"

Ann joined Noel's laugh. Con went on brushing. He was quite used to teasings, and did not at all mind being teased about his match-making.

"Sexton Rogewell has allowed Rose to keep company with her young man," said Con placidly,

"and George is going to bring me the biggest basket he can find full of golden plums. If you believe, you shall share round. If not, I shall share with Louisa and Hetty."

"Which day," said Ann, "shall we plan blackberrying?"

"Cave!" gasped Noel. "Visitors."

Cluny, released from toilet operations, made a bee line for the scullery. Noel, Ann, and Con vanished somehow into the bushes. From behind gigantic hydrangeas—the glory of Amos's heart—they spied out upon the new arrival.

"The Court car," said Noel. "Dick told me the Polwillans had come back."

"The woman in the car doesn't look like a ladyship," commented Ann. "She's ever so dowdy."

"That doesn't count," retorted Con.

"You bet it's Lady Pol. Look at her nose!"

This sent the other into fits: Con was so triumphant. The lady under observation had descended from the car and entered the house.

"Let's creep around to the orchard," urged Noel. "We don't look like hobnobbing with a ladyship."

Which was perfectly true. But they had hardly reached the orchard when Hetty swooped on them.

"Her ladyship's stayin' tea a-purpose to see you," said Hetty. "The master's distracted, poor gentleman; but I told him I'd clean yo' up."

The children were not the least offended. Ann giggled.

"Look at Con," she said. "He'll have to be boiled before he's clean."

"Noel's not much better," said Con. "Guess Cluny's moulting. I say, Hetty, can't we have tea out here? We don't like poll-parrots."

Hetty shook her head. "It's Lady Polwillan," she said, with as much awe as if she spoke of the Queen. "You'll have to come. She do always wait till she's served, and she'll be making master's head to buzz."

Lady Polwillan was shouting at Uncle Bob in her excitement over the affairs of the village, which seemed to have been neglected during her absence. She looked at the new comers as they entered critically, but not unkindly.

"Of course the younger boy is the model of Aurelia," she said. "How that girl ever came to marry an American and leave the country I can't think."

Noel flushed to the roots of his hair,

and Ann squeezed his hand sympathetically. It was Con who replied in his sing-song tones.

"Would you like me to sing you the 'Star-spangled Banner'?" he asked. "Reckon you'd understand any one wanting to go to America then."

But her ladyship wisely changed the conversation.

"Your Uncle has promised," she said to Noel, "that you shall all come to tea at the Court to-morrow with my little Pamela."



"IT IS HAUNTED BY ALL SORTS OF SPIRITS, ESPECIALLY THAT OF BLACK ROGLAN."

"Thank you," chorused the Sunshine children; but somehow the thought of that entertainment so weighed on their minds it even spoiled Con's appetite.

Could *no* excuse be made? Judging by Nunkie's appealing looks it was not to be thought of. Lady Polwillan did not take much notice of the young people after giving her invitation. She clucked vigorously to Uncle Bob, and finally rose to go. Ann had the worst of it, as she was the only one to be kissed. *Pecked* would have been the better word.

"Come early," she said. "There are plenty of games you can play at. Pamela is fond of croquet."

"If it is wet," said Noel cheerfully, "we won't come."

But that was no sort of loophole.

"Come anyhow," said Lady Polwillan. "It will not be wet though; the glass is going up."

Noel went to open the front door. He would have rather liked a little chat with the chauffeur whilst Lady Polwillan discoursed to Hetty about coming to some Guild meeting, but the chauffeur was winding up the car.

"Don't forget," was her ladyship's last squeak. "Come early."

"As if we were likely to forget anything so horrible!" was Noel's comment as he returned to the room where Con had his eye on the saffron cake. But it was a good thing he did not *begin*, for this particular afternoon seemed likely to be a busy one for Uncle Bob, as hardly had the Court car vanished, than up the drive came the vicar.

Of course no one wanted to go away and hide from the vicar, who was already an old friend; and if Mr. Torfane *had* intended to come for a chat with Uncle Bob, he was doomed to disappointment.

The Sunshine children had the liveliest memories, and as soon as they had shown proper hospitality in finding the visitor the biggest chair and the nicest cakes, and Ann had poured out a fresh cup of tea, then the demand was chorused:

"You promised to tell us about Vellan Dracher Moors."

"Do you *always* remember things so easily?" asked the vicar, smiling upon the circle of beaming faces.

Noel's eyes danced. "Not always, I guess," he retorted, "'specially when we don't want to."

"Begin at the beginning," urged Con, "and tell us all. Please, Noel, pass the cream."

"Was it Vellan Dracher Moor, or the ghost of Treg-eagle?" laughed the vicar genially. "If I remember, though, you had heard of our local Bluebeard."

"Peter says the devil hunts him from place to place till he finds a refuge in a hermit's chapel on St. Roche's rocks," said Noel.

"Gwenvor Sands are haunted by him too," added Ann. "He foretells storms and calls before the wind reaches home. *All* the people believe in Treg-eagle. I think we'd rather hear about Vellan Dracher Moors, because we are going blackberrying that way when we picnic."

"It's a fine place for bogles," said the vicar; "but most of the legends are to do with King Arthur, who led his knights to battle on the moors. Vellan Dracher means water-millwheel. Vellan Dracher is the name of an old mill partly burned by the Spaniards, and the scene of a spirited fight between the smugglers and excise-men. It is, of course, supposed to be haunted by all sorts of spirits, especially that of Black Roglan. There is an old legend that 'strangers' will again land on Gwenvor Sands, and certain mysterious kings dine round the Garrick Zans—a large flat stone at Sennen—after which, according to Merlin, the end of the world will come. It is a wonderful stone, and old folk who want to be lucky go round it nine times daily."

"We will go round Garrick Zans," said Con, "then mother and father will sure come to Cornwall. Do you know very much more blood-curdling legends, please?"

How Mr. Torfane laughed! Con looked so angelic as he made his request.

"I expect you have heard of Sennen Cove," he said. "It used to be the home of a spirit called the Hooper, so called from the hooping sounds it made. When the Hooper haunted the cove fishermen believed it foretold storm, and declared that if they were to try to put to sea an invisible force would restrain them. One day, however, a reckless fisher and his son launched their boat, and beat through the mist about the Hooper with a flail. Neither they nor the Hooper were ever seen again."

"Some sillies," said Con. "I wouldn't have gone. I'd have turned right home to supper. I wish the Hooper would come back to show us how he hooped."

"Never mind," said Ann comfortingly, "you can see Garrick Zans. Perhaps we can go the day after to-morrow. Oh dear! I wish to-morrow was over. Do *you* know Pamela Polwillan?" she added, addressing the vicar.

"Oh yes," he replied promptly. "I christened her, so I have known her many years."

"Is she," asked Ann, "like *us*?"

The vicar looked at the trio and stroked his chin. "No," he said; "I think not."

"Do you think we shall *like* her?" asked Noel.

But Mr. Torfane only rose laughing. "Wait and see," he replied. "Isn't that the fairest way?"

(To be continued.)

Popular Pets.

Rabbits.

FOREIGN BREEDS.

IN addition to the breeds dealt with last month there are various breeds of foreign rabbits, many of which are extremely popular and pretty pets.

ANGORAS.—The long coats of these rabbits, shown at A, Fig. 4, require careful attention, and should be thoroughly combed, especially at the time when they are changing their fur. The most valuable Angoras are pure white, and have an exceedingly soft coat, whilst their ears are short.

BELGIAN HARES.—Like English hares, these rabbits are of a sandy colour; and have erect ears about five inches in length (B, Fig. 4). The underneath is more or less white, but there should not be a single white hair on the back or sides.

CHINESE OR HIMALAYANS.—The coat of this variety is white, the ears are tipped with black and are upright. The eyes have a strange pink light shining in them; but none of these characteristics are developed until the rabbit is six or seven months old.

The **DUTCH** is the smallest breed of rabbit, specimens being sometimes found weighing less than 2 lb. A white band encircles the neck, a white line runs down the face, and the feet are white (Fig. 5).



FIG. 4.—ANGORA AND BELGIAN HARE.

FLEMISH GIANT.—As the name implies, this breed is the largest of the rabbit family, the average weight of individuals being from 12 lb. to 14 lb. The coat is grey, and the ears, which are erect, should measure about six inches.

PATAGONIANS.—These rabbits have a deep grey fur, with white or sandy bellies. The head is large, and the ears measure about seven inches, but are not so erect as the ears of the Belgian breed, having a tendency to hang over at the tips.

POLISH RABBITS.—It is rather difficult for the

amateur to distinguish between this breed and the ordinary type of rabbit. The Poles, however, are smaller and more delicately formed. The colour is white, and the ears short and upright.

SILVER-BROWNS.—The coat of this breed is brown with a beautiful silver tinge. The ears are short, and the tail appears of a dark silver blue colour.

SILVER-CREAMS.—The fur is of a faint yellow colour, often tending to red, and flecked with light fawn hairs, whilst the fore-



FIG. 5.—THE DUTCH RABBIT.

feet are delicately silvered. The ears measure about four inches. There is a dark red tint in the eyes.

SILVER-GREYS.—This rabbit, shown in Fig. 6, should be of a silvery grey colour from head to tail, the underneath being a light steel blue. When young, however, the fur is black. The ears of the Silver-Greys are short and erect.

BREEDING.

Good, healthy parents are necessary for breeding purposes, the buck being about a year old and the doe a couple of months younger. Although wild rabbits have four litters a year, it is advisable to allow fancy rabbits no more than three, and then the doe must only be allowed to suckle four little ones at a time.

The utmost care must be taken to prevent the doe being disturbed for some time after she has had her family, as, if frightened, she will mutilate her offspring or abandon them altogether.

A plentiful supply of milk and water should be at hand for the doe when the time comes for her to litter, and she must be fed up for the seven weeks she is nursing the young.

The little ones should be weaned one at a time, and kept apart from the bucks, who are frequently very cruel to the babies. At the age of six months the sexes must be entirely separated.

FEEDING.

Apples, peas, swedes, carrots, oats, turnips, boiled potatoes, meal, oil cake, etc., are all suitable for a rabbit's diet. Green stuff such as lettuce, cabbage leaves, and clover will supply the necessary moist food.

Once a week the rabbits should be given two tablespoonfuls of water to drink.

A warm mash of potatoes, peas, and meal can be given in cold weather, but care must be taken to see that the mixture is only warm—not hot.

Two meals a day are quite sufficient as a rule, and only enough for each meal should be put in the hutches.

DISEASES.

At the first sign of any ailment a sick rabbit must be taken from the others and put in a separate hutch. Many diseases are catching, and unless this precaution be taken dire results will follow.

Diarrhœa.—This is caused by too much green food. An acorn should be crushed into a mixture of arrow-root and bread crumbs and administered to the sick rabbit. Green stuff must not be given again until some time after the patient's recovery.

Canker of the Ear.—This complaint shows itself by



FIG. 6.—THE SILVER-GREY.

a thick yellow discharge, and is accompanied by loss of appetite. The sore ear must be thoroughly washed with warm water and anointed with olive oil.

Red Water.—This is a kidney disease which

may prove fatal. The invalid must be transferred to a warm hutch and dieted with milk food, whilst a few drops of sweet spirit of nitre should be administered as medicine.

Snuffles.—A damp hutch is usually the cause of this throat affection. The patient must be fed with warm mashes of barley meal and milk, into which doses of three grains of sulphate of copper should be mixed.

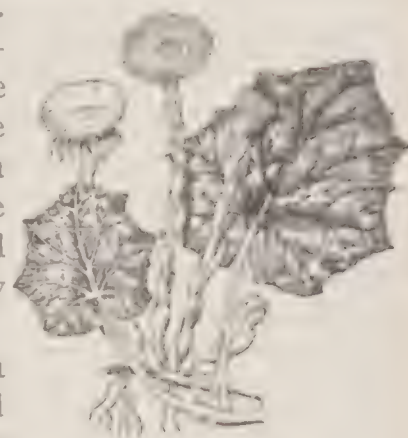
Parasites.—This trouble is usually caused by damp and dirty hutches, and frequently affects the roots of the ears. The hair must be cut short, and the place sprinkled with Keating's powder or sulphur.

With ordinary care none of these ailments ought to appear in the hutches; and if cleanliness and good feeding are thoroughly attended to, there is no reason why rabbits should not be happy and healthy, and the source of very great pleasure to their owner.

The Fields in Spring.

DOLLY and her uncle walked along the hedges of the farmer's fields. It was the month of March, and they wanted to see what the fields were like at this time of the year.

"How changed everything is," said Dolly. "The snow has gone. The hedges are putting forth their leaves. The birds are singing everywhere. And look, here is a pretty flower."



COLT'S-FOOT.

Dolly stopped to pick a bright yellow flower-head that grew under the hedge at the road-side.

"It is a *dandelion*," she said.

"No, no, Dolly, it is not a dandelion," said Uncle George. "That is the *colt's-foot*. It is very like the dandelion at first sight. The colt's-foot is one of the first flowers of spring."

"Why, it has no leaves," said Dolly.

"Oh yes, it has," her uncle replied. "But we cannot see them. They have not come up yet. The stem of this plant always keeps under the ground. First the flowers come up, and after they have faded away, the leaves come up. They are large, and shaped like the print of a colt's foot. Come over here and we shall see some others like it."

As he spoke, Uncle George pointed to a patch of waste ground at the corner of the field. In this patch many large clusters of dull coloured flowers were seen peeping above the bare ground. But no leaves were to be seen.

"This," said Uncle George, "is the *butter-bur*. There was only one flower-head on your colt's-foot stalk. Here there are many flower-heads on each stalk. You will notice that there is no other plant growing on this patch—not even a blade of grass. By and by the huge leaves will come up. They cover up the ground so well that seeds of other plants cannot take root here."



BUTTER-BUR.

"So the butter-bur keeps its ground all to itself," said Dolly.

"It does," said her uncle. "And unless the farmer checks its growth the butter-bur patch will grow

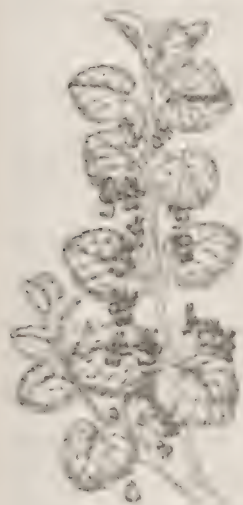
**HAVE YOU PERSUADED A FRIEND
TO BUY**

"THE CHILDREN'S PAPER"?

bigger and bigger every year. Its thick root-stems creep along under the ground."

"Look at this plant with the pretty blue flowers!" Dolly pointed, as she spoke, to a plant under the hedge.

"That is the *ground-ivy*, Dolly. It is called so because it creeps along the ground. Near it you will notice another creeping plant. Its leaves are shaped something like birds' feet. It is called the *creeping crow-foot*. It is really a *butter-cup*."



GROUND-IVY.

"Can you guess why these plants come out so early in spring and creep out from the hedge?"

Dolly shook her head.

"Because," Uncle George went on, "the ground here is covered with tall nettles in summer.

You can see their faded last year's stems here now."

"The ground-ivy and the creeping crow-foot have to come out early in spring and creep beyond the nettle-bed. If they did not they would be choked by the strong growing nettles. But let us cross this field and see what the farmer's men are doing."

The farmer's men were ploughing the field—slowly turning it from a green field to a brown one. There were two ploughs at work in the field. Each was drawn by three big strong horses. A man held each plough and guided the horses with long reins.

A great flock of crows, gulls, and other birds followed each plough. They would settle on the freshly turned ground just behind the plough. Then, as the plough moved on, they would fly after it, cawing and screaming all the time.

"These birds are having a fine feast," said Uncle George. "They are picking up worms and grubs in the newly turned soil. They are the farmer's friends. For these grubs eat the roots of his crops."

"Why does the farmer plough his fields?" Dolly asked.

"Come into the next field and we shall see," said her uncle.

In the next field one man was scattering seeds over the ploughed earth. Another man was raking the

part that had been sown. This he did with large frames called "harrows," pulled by horses. The long iron teeth of the harrows broke down the plough furrows and buried the seeds.

"After that the seeds must be pressed into the soil," said Uncle George. "This is done by rolling it with the huge roller you see at the end of the field. If we come back in about a week we shall find this field quite green with the growing corn."

They next walked through a field of grass. Here many white lambs were skipping about while their mothers nibbled the tender grass.

"Pretty little creatures!" said Uncle George. "I don't think any living thing enjoys the merry spring-time so much as you do."

"The birds are happy too," said Dolly.

"All is bustle and joy in spring-time," said Uncle George, as they walked home. "The world has woke up from its winter sleep. Everything is glad. Every living thing is busy. The seeds are being sown in fields and gardens. The flowers are peeping out all around. The birds are building their nests. Bees, flies, and beetles come out into the warm sunshine. The woods, fields, and hedges grow greener and brighter day by day. Spring is the morning of the year."

The Choir of Spring.

Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn :
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy choristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And woodlark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes ; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Poured out profusely, silent : joined to these
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert ; while the stockdove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

JAMES THOMSON.



CREeping CROW-FOOT.
a. Seed-cases. b. Flower-bud.

Picture Children.

I. A Cornish Boy.

ABOUT seven miles from the Cornish city of Truro, in a village named St. Agnes, there stands a house that is known as Harmony Cot. Far away from this Cornish village, in St. Paul's Cathedral, near to the grave of Sir Joshua Reynolds, we may find the burying-place of John Opie, another artist. Now John Opie was born in that house in St. Agnes in 1761; but when he was a little baby, away there in Cornwall, no one could have guessed that he would rest at last, not only in London, but in St. Paul's Cathedral, where so many great men are buried.

When John Opie was old enough to go to work, his father tried to make him a carpenter like himself; and if he had been able to do this, it is not likely we should have heard any more of John.

Opie learned his lessons very easily, and he wished so much to teach the other village boys that when he was only twelve years of age he opened a night-school for poor children. At ten years of age he had begun to draw and paint. He had seen a schoolfellow draw a butterfly, and he said, "I think I can draw a butterfly as well as Mark Oates." He tried, and drew one so well that he became very fond of drawing and painting, and always examined pictures very carefully whenever he saw them.

There was living at Truro a Dr. Wolcot, who heard of Opie, and one day he went over to St. Agnes to see him. Opie's home was in a woody dale, surrounded by orchards, and Dr. Wolcot found John, who was then fifteen years of age, at the bottom of a saw pit, cutting wood; for at this time he was working for his father, and was getting up at three

o'clock in the morning to draw and to paint. The doctor gave him pencils, colours, canvases, and other things, and Opie began to paint portraits in Truro and in other places. His mother was anxious because he was away from home so much; but one day he went back to St. Agnes and proudly presented her with twenty guineas which he had earned with his brush.

Opie went also to Exeter, and afterwards to London, where he was known as "The Cornish Wonder" and "The Cornish Genius." King George the Third heard of him, and asked him to paint a picture for him. He also asked Opie to visit him, and to show him some of his works. The king and the queen and the little princes looked at his paintings, and no doubt they wondered how it was that the son of a village carpenter could do such beautiful work.

One day a gentleman said to Opie, "Tell me what you mix with your paints to produce such fine colours." "Brains, sir," said the artist.

We give here a picture from one of Opie's paintings, and it is believed to be a portrait of Opie's younger brother William. Certainly he is like the artist himself. The picture is life-size,



and the boy appears to be ten or twelve years of age, with long chestnut hair which rests on his shoulders.

This picture was presented to the National Gallery by a nephew of the painter. John Opie died in London, when he was forty-six years of age.

Motto for March.

Politeness is to do and say

The kindest thing in the kindest way.

R. L. STEVENSON.

Sent in by MARIE HAMMOND,
Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Our Competitions.

In each Competition at least Three Book Prizes are offered for the best work.

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor.* Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than March 16 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for March.

For all Ages up to Fifteen.

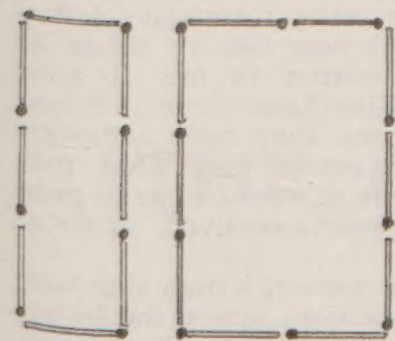
ESSAY COMPETITION.

Write an essay describing a book which you have recently read and thoroughly enjoyed.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing of a Boy Scout or a Girl Guide, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

A MATCH PUZZLE.



In the illustration eighteen matches are shown arranged so that they enclose two spaces, one just twice as large as the other. Can you rearrange them so as to enclose two five-sided spaces, one exactly three times as large as the other? All the eighteen matches must be fairly used; the two spaces must be quite detached, and there must be no loose ends or duplicated matches.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Write a short account of the life of one of the prophets.

For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
It was against the rule,

And made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

Make eight lines of verse beginning either "Bessie had a pussy-cat," or "Peter had a puppy-dog," on the model of the eight lines given above.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a model yacht or a doll's house, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

ACROSTIC.

The initials of the answers to the following questions give the Christian name of a well-known author; the finals give his surname:—

1. Bent. 2. Early inhabitants of Switzerland. 3. An ocean. 4. A bird. 5. Gloss. 6. Height. 7. Magnificent.

For Children under Ten only.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Write a letter to a friend of your own age saying what you most enjoy at school, and what you do not enjoy.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a box of paints, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

All readers may enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for January.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Emmeline Hearne, 24 Harold Avenue, Gillingham. Gilbert Sharples, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay. Annie Cropper, 26 Dora Street, Rochdale Road, Manchester. James Hayton, New Chester Road Council School, New Ferry, near Birkenhead.

Highly Commended.—Doris Hicks, Gillingham; James Horan and William Dunn, St. Marie's School, Bury; Sidney Lewis and Herbert Sulsh, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Margaret Booth, Manchester; Emily Birkenhead, Dalton, E. 8; Maud M'Vey, Moneymore, County Derry; Alexander Ainsley and Frederick Thompson, New Chester Road Council School, New Ferry; Arthur Schofield, Elm Street Council School; Mina Carson, Coleraine; Ellen Colton, Esk, County Durham; Ruby Dobbin, Bushmills; Rita F. Fearn, Aintree, Liverpool; Elsie Felton, Kemberton School.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Tom Williams, Burnley Road Council School, Worsthorne, near Burnley. Joseph Clay, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. John Wilson, 164 Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow.

Highly Commended.—Alfred Sagar, Worsthorne Council School; Gladys Tiller, Valley Girls' School, Bromley; Margaret Livingstone, Birmingham; Samuel Roberts, Connah's Quay.

ARITHMETICAL COMPETITION.

There are many ways of solving this problem, and a great number of different solutions were received. Many more of our competitors would have been correct if they

had taken care to use brackets where brackets were required. Here are some of the neatest solutions:—

$$123-45-67+89=100.$$

$$1+2+3+4+5+6+7+8\times9=100.$$

$$(1+2+3+4+5)\times6-7+8+9=100.$$

Edith Brindle, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington. Clement Legge, 4 Park View, Fishburn, Ferryhill. Lily Dewhurst, 16 Mills Hill, Middleton, Manchester. G. Pearce, 4 Lower Parade, Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham.

Highly Commended.—Edith P. Morris and Albert William Southall, Southfields, S.W. 18; Edith Payne, St. Peter's Girls' School, Parkstone; Annie Miller, Settles Street School, Mile End, E. 1; Ernest Peters and Gilbert Sharples, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay; Leslie Ernest Jenkins, New Chester Road Council School, New Ferry; Gladys Marchant and Kathleen Bish, Gillingham; Mabel Hough, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; Alice Faulkner, Middleton, Manchester; E. Barker, Halstead; Iain Laurence Campbell, Hill of Fearn; Molly Elder, Dundee; Robert Fleming, Strabane; John Weir Herd, Glasgow; Robert M'Lean, Belfast; Arthur Morley, Redhill; Kathryn Motherwell, Glasgow; Janet Reid, Ballyclare; Stanley Reid, Saucher; Irene Scouloudi, London; Marjorie Squires, Hull; Joan Strange, Dunstable; Philip Crawford, Dunscar, near Bolton.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION.

Edith M. Mann, 32 Brooklyn Road, Dovercourt, Essex. Ronald C. Sams, 95 Heythorp Street, Southfields, London, S.W. 18. Robert Fleming, Magirr Cottage, Strabane, County Tyrone.

Highly Commended.—Mary Bott, Newport, Salop; Winifred Pearce, Sutton Coldfield; Doris Hicks, Gillingham; Martha Tootell and Polly Dean, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; Annie Jarvis, Kember-ton School, Shifnal; Annie L. Birtwistle, Ormskirk.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Nora Hambly, 112 Orford Road, London, E. 17. Annie Lemon, New Line, Saintfield, County Down. Mary Bott, Birchfield, Donnington Wood, Newport, Salop.

Highly Commended.—Ivy Forking, Heywood; Evelyn Whittaker, Rice Lane School, Liverpool; Nita Ida Brayne, Kember-ton School, Shifnal; Barbara Cooper, Southfield School; Eva Jones, Liverpool; Claude d'Arbois de Yubainville, Nancy, France; Myrtle Cook, Worthing; Grace Jarvis, Chatham; Barbara Poingdestre, Bromley; Dorothy Bartholomew, London; Mary Weir, Chapelhall.

HIDDEN ENGLISH RIVERS COMPETITION.

(Answers: Dove, or Dee; Wye; Ure; Nidd; Aire; Derwent; Stour; Exe; Taw; Dee.)

Freda Richards, 15 Oxford Road, Waterloo, near Liverpool. Charles Cooper, 16 Thornley Street, Middleton, Manchester. Arnold P. Austin, Woodcroft, Fernleigh Road, Grange-over-Sands. Josephine Nutt, 37 Stanley Street, South Bristol.

Highly Commended.—John Thornley, Sale; Walter Bowdler and Mary Hassall, Kember-ton School, Shifnal; Leslie Colley, Shortlands; Noel Brown, Castle-Douglas; Sheila Mathers, Ballyclare; Arthur Astill, Coventry; Annie Williams, Saltley, Birmingham; Geoffrey T. Eagling, Cricklewood, N.W. 8; Margaret Pringle, Musselburgh; Robert Fenton, Shawlands; Rita Bannett, Valley Girls' School, Bromley; Agnes M'Donald, Glasgow.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Kathleen Gwilliam, 9 North Street, St. James, Bristol. Albert William Southall, 47 Trentham Street, Southfields, London, S.W. 18. Harry Birchall, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington, Lancs.

Highly Commended.—Ian M'Lean, Glasgow; Marie Hammond, Kember-ton School; Joseph Buck, Port Sunlight; Linda Buck, Tunbridge Wells; Zoe Ethel Stericker, Mayles, Cobham; Sam M'Ilwaine, Larne.

JUMBLED PROVERB COMPETITION.

(Familiarity breeds contempt.)

1. Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent. Mary Hassall, Kember-ton School, Shifnal, Salop. Isabel Baker, Girls' Wesleyan School, Liverpool.

Highly Commended.—Nita Brayne, Kember-ton School, Shifnal; Nora Ball, Fazakerley, Liverpool; Sydney Brook, Bury.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Irene Waller, 67 Hatherley Gardens, East Ham, E. 6. Ada Hardman, 30 James Street, Bury. Dorothy Smith, Rice Lane Council School, Walton, Liverpool. William Myers, 5 West Street, Sunnybrow, Willington, Durham.

Highly Commended.—Evelyn Baker, Southfields; May Webster, Rubery, Birmingham; Terence Thomson, Athelstaneford; Doris Mitchell, Putney; Sam Herdson, Sunderland; May Wilkinson, Glasgow; Norman Roberts, Kember-ton School, Shifnal.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Bessie Wharton, 119 Adelaide Street, Heywood, London, W. Ronald Symonds, 3 Highbury Terrace, Halstead, Essex. Reggie Beach, "Wyvern," New Road, Rubery, Birmingham.

Highly Commended.—Lily Roberts, Kember-ton School; Peggie Landor, Rubery Farm, near Birmingham; Eileen Caffyn, Putney, S.W. 15; Frances Long, Bromsgrove; Myra Tilling, Preston; Gwennie Carter, North Walsham, Norfolk.

Letter from the Editress.

MY DEAR READERS,

I have very many interesting letters to acknowledge, and I should now like to thank all those who have so kindly written to me. I must specially thank the girls of Rice Lane Council School for the charming original verses they have addressed to "The Editress," and can assure them that they were much enjoyed. From time to time I hope to print a few of the most interesting letters received, as far as space will permit.

The competitions this month were of a high standard, especially in the Letter Competition, where the letters sent in were so well done that it was difficult to select the best. The taxi-cabs in the Drawing and Colouring Competition looked very secure, although a few of them seemed rather luxurious and suggested a Rolls-Royce car rather than a taxi, and very few competitors had remembered to indicate the taximeter. The boxes of chocolates looked most tempting, and the lanterns, too, were, on the whole, very well done.

I hope those of you who enjoy the *Children's Paper* will make it known to your friends, so that they, too, may have something to look forward to month by month. With all good wishes,

I am, Yours sincerely,
THE EDITRESS.

P.S.—In reply to Gladys Tiller, I really think we can all smile comfortably at Pretty Mr. Charming.



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CHILDREN'S PAPER

COMPETITION FORM. [March.

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

Name.....

Address.....

Age last Birthday.....